

ASPIRIN INTRODUCED BY "BAYER" IN 1900

Look for name "Bayer" on the tablets, then you need never worry.

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The "Bayer Cross" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.

In each package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are safe and proper directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.—Adv.

The Way of It.

"So your husband absent himself for weeks at a time. Well, you must be patient with his shortcomings."

"So I am, but not with his long going."

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The Flatfoot Camp Manual advises men in training to use Foot-Powder in their shoes each morning. It prevents blisters and sore spots and relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Powder to break in new shoes.—Adv.

His Job.

Belle—Do you know what a make-up man does on a newspaper?

Nell—I suppose he puts the pieces in that tell you how to get a good complexion.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes. That itchy and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Footproof.

"Henry, an agent came to the house this morning with a new kind of can-opener to sell."

"Well?"

"He said it was foolproof."

"Ah! That's pretty good. Any brainless woman can use it, eh?"

"Perhaps. But the point he made was that husbands who open cans for their wives can do so without cutting their fingers, spilling the oilcloth on the kitchen table, splattering the walls with gore and shocking the neighbors with profanity."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 80 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Requires Brains.

A certain Englishman, famous for his erudition, played such a wretched game on the links that he remarked one day to his caddy: "How is it that I, a man acquainted with all the arts and sciences, cannot play this confounded game of golf?"

"Well," said the caddy, "it's like this—ye ken a' about they sma' affairs, an' w' things connectit wi' them, but we maun understand that it tak's a held to play golf!"—Boston Transcript.

The housewife smiles with satisfaction as she looks at the basket of clear, white clothes and thanks Red Cross Ball Blue. At grocers, 5c.

When Barker Barked.

Sergeant Barker was in a bad temper, and the recruits under instruction were having a hard time of it.

The squad had to 'bout turn so many times in a few seconds that it was no wonder the poor fellows got dizzy, and Smudger Smiff finished up by turning about the wrong way.

Sergeant Barker got in a towering rage and striding up to Smudger roared:

"Where the dickens do you think you are? On parade, or what?"

"Well, sergeant," replied Smudger, meekly, "I begin to think I was at a fancy-dress ball dressed up as a bloodier leg o' mutton, and twisting round and round on a meat-jack."

Severely Practical.

"Charles, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "that was a beautiful bouquet you brought me."

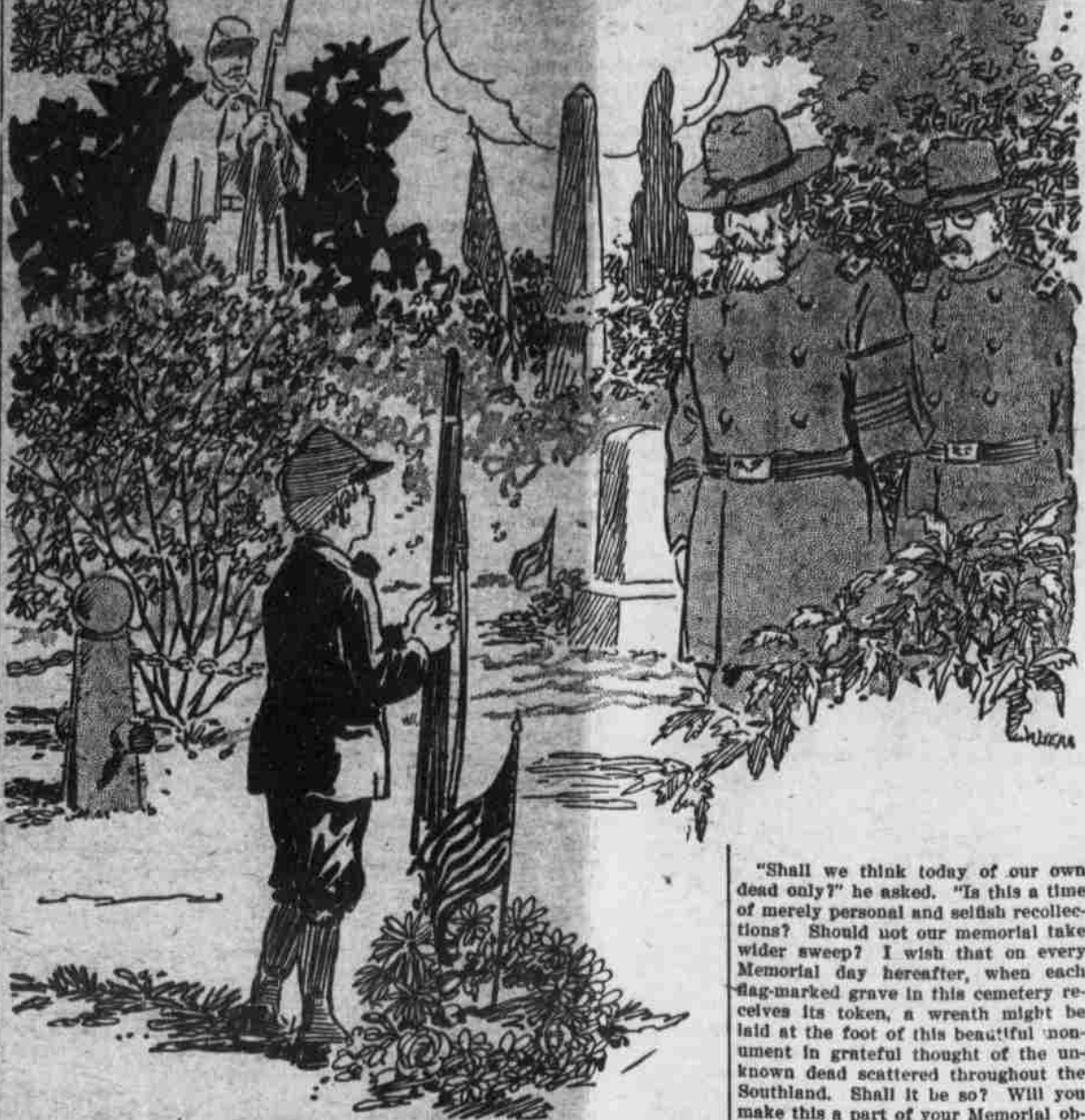
"Glad you liked it."

"But what?"

"Broad is expensive and liable to be scarce. The next time you have anything sentimental on your mind tell it with flour."

Honest men do what they can; dishonest men do whom they can.

To the Unknown Dead



WITH rattle of drums and shriek of fife the procession swept up the hill, passed into the cemetery, and halted in the central plaza, not far from the soldiers' monument, which was the pride of Howelton. At the word of command the various squads filed off to right and left, to decorate the flag-marked graves; and ranks were broken and parade to await their return.

Captain Graham, marshal of the day, turned to the gentleman riding at his side and said:

"I suppose we might as well dismount, general, and stretch our legs. I don't know how it is with you, but I'm free to confess that I don't ride as easily nowadays as I used to when we went scampering up and down Dixie at the heels of Phil Sheridan."

"I'm afraid that I must make the same confession, Graham," returned the other, a man of middle age, although with gray hair, against whose coat was pinned loosely an empty sleeve.

"Beg pardon, cap'n," said the cemetery caretaker, approaching them at this instant; "but I wish that you'd step this way a minute. There's suthin' kinder cur'us goin' on jest the other side of the hedge, yander."

It was a little "cur'us" perhaps; but it was certainly more than a little pathetic. Just a tiny flag stuck in the ground, with a rude wreath of wild flowers beside it, and a small boy with a dilapidated army musket over his shoulder doing sentry duty before it. Ten paces forward, wheel, right-about-face, ten steps back; up and down he went, as regularly as a pendulum, and with such intemperance that he failed to note the faces watching him through the hedge. But the whispered word of Captain Graham, "I wonder what he thinks he's doing," reached his ear and he faced about quickly, and, recognizing the military rank of his visitors, brought his musket to the "present" in the most matter-of-fact way. Humoring his fancy, the two soldiers gravely returned the salute.

"I see that you are on special duty, comrade," said the captain. "What is your detail?"

"I'm decorating and guarding the grave of Sergeant Calvin Hunter, Company B, One Hundred and Eighty-seventh regiment, New York Volunteers," was the reply.

The general started and seemed about to speak, but apparently thought better of it.

"H—u—m!" said Captain Graham thoughtfully. "Hunter! Hunter! I thought I knew every soldier buried in this cemetery, but that's a new name to me. Sure you haven't made a mistake? Are you certain that his body is here?"

"Oh, no, sir," and there was a very unsoldierly quiver of the boyish lips

this time. "No, sir; he ain't buried here. You see, sir, he was my father, and he was killed in the war, and nobody knows where he was buried; and—and I couldn't bear to think that there wouldn't be any flowers on his grave, and that nobody would remember him, and so—I thought that I'd just make believe he was buried here behind this hedge, out of sight of everybody over yonder, and I—I thought that if I put a flag up for him, and some flowers by the side of it, mebbe—mebbe he'd know it somehow, and would be glad that he wasn't altogether forgotten. There—there ain't no harm in it, is there, sir? They—they won't think I'm makin' fun nor nothin', will they, sir?"

And in earnestness of appeal the boyish hands were thrust out and the clumsy old musket fell clattering to the ground.

Something seemed to be the matter with Captain Graham's throat, making speech difficult for a moment; and before he could answer General Bowers stepped forward and said:

"What was your father's name?"

"Calvin Hunter, sir, sergeant, Company B, One Hundred and Eighty-seventh regiment, New York Volunteers."

"Do you know where he was killed?"

"Not exactly, sir, but somewhere in the Wilderness. The paper said that it wasn't a regular battle but just a little skirmish, like."

"Captain Graham," said the general, "if you please I'd like to have a little talk with this boy. Suppose you go back to the rest, and leave me here. Form your lines when you are ready, and move on up to the monument. I'll be there in time for my part of the program."

They were wondering what had become of the orator of the day. What was the matter? Had anything happened? Was he sick? It had been a great "card" for Howelton to capture for Memorial day orator a man in so great demand as General Bowers, once governor of the state and now congressman from the Thirteenth district. Were they to be disappointed after all?

No, there he comes; and holding fast his hand is a lad unknown to the older people, but quickly identified by the numerous boys present as "the kid wot's come to live at ol' Ben Martin's."

On they came together, the ill-assorted pair, and mounted the platform, the general seeing to it that a seat was provided for his young companion; then he was ready for his speech.

Probably no one who heard it will ever forget it. Its theme was the common soldier of the war, the man who stood in the ranks and did the actual fighting, and for whom there was little reward of fame or of gain. Very tenderly he spoke of the men who never came back, who lie where they fell, whose resting places no one knows, on whose graves no flowers are laid in loving remembrance.

"Shall we think today of our own dead only?" he asked. "Is this a time of merely personal and selfish recollections? Should not our memorial take wider sweep? I wish that on every Memorial day hereafter, when each flag-marked grave in this cemetery receives its token, a wreath might be laid at the foot of this beautiful monument in grateful thought of the unknown dead scattered throughout the Southland. Shall it be so? Will you make this a part of your Memorial observances?"

"All those in favor say 'Aye!'" sung out Post Commander Gray, and "Aye" rang in a mighty shout from the multitude.

"I thank you, friends," General Bowers said, "in behalf of those who cannot speak their thanks themselves. Now just one story—you know that we old soldiers are great on spinning stories of the war."

"One day in the Wilderness campaign a captain and a detail of a sergeant and twenty men on special outpost duty ran upon a large force of the enemy. Several of the men were hit, but stumbled on—all but the captain, who fell, severely wounded. Seeing this, the sergeant turned back in the face of almost certain death, took the insensible officer on his shoulders, and staggered forward, only to fall himself, shot through the head, just as a party of our men dashed up to the rescue."

"It was a common incident of the war, and attracted no attention. When the captain came out of the hospital, weeks after, no one could tell him where the sergeant was buried. And to this day that captain has been unable to find any trace of the man to whom he owes his life, or of any of his family, though he has done his best."

"To this day, I say. A little while ago my attention was called to a singularly beautiful and pathetic scene. Over yonder, behind that hedge, out of sight of the gathered people, this boy was standing guard over a flag and a bunch of wild flowers, his offering to his soldier father's memory. Questions brought out his story."

"Men and women of Howelton, you have just promised that hereafter you will remember in your gift of flowers the men who sleep in unknown graves. We will begin today. See, here are two wreaths. Somewhere in the Wilderness of Virginia lies the body of Calvin Hunter, sergeant, Company B, One Hundred and Eighty-seventh regiment, New York Volunteers. We, Harry Hunter, his only son, and Jasper Bowers, whose life he saved, lay these wreaths in his memory at the foot of yonder monument."

"Tention!" rang out Captain Graham's command, sharp and clear; and at the word every man sprang to his place. "Soldiers, present arms! All, uncover!" And with bared heads, and in thrilling and breathless silence, the great assemblage stood and watched the eminent man and the unknown boy come down from the platform and reverently lay the flowers at the base of the monument on the top of which a carved soldier stood with face ever turned toward the Southland.

Quite True.

Artist—I would like to paint a picture of you and your wife kissing.

Gentleman—But I thought you were a marine artist.

Artist—Quite true. I would label this a "Few Smacks."

Sure Relief



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Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

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"Peterson Ointment Co., Inc. I had a very severe sore on my leg for years. I am a teamster. I tried all medicines and salves, but without success. I tried doctors, but they failed to cure me. I couldn't sleep for many nights from pain. Doctors said I could not live for more than two years. Finally Peterson's Ointment was recommended to me and by its use the sore was entirely healed. Thankfully yours, William Haase, West Park, Ohio, care P. O. Reitz, Box 128."

Peterson says: "I am proud of the above letter and have hundreds of others that tell of wonderful cures of Eczema, Piles and Skin Diseases."

Peterson's Ointment is 60 cents a box. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo.

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The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1896. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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